A WEEK'S DRAMATIC OUTPUT.

MUCH FLURRYING IN THEATRES, WITH MEAGRE RESULTS.

Dramatie Curiosities in Broadway-Yeats Seen in Queer Company—More Guesses About Hamlet-Collier's Belated Success-An interesting Kangaroo Story.

Much flurrying, much going to and fro, any playhouses visited, and the sum total of last week's work may be briefly epitomized in a Shakespearian phrase-much ado about nothing. Yet in the hurly burly there was variety enough, from pale plays for pink people to a morality play by William Butler Yeats; from freaks to fantasts. Richard Harding Davis, though far from home, scored his first genuine success in "The Dictator," at the Criterion; while the pleasure of again seeing Charles Hawtrey at the New Lyceum was attenuated by the news of his painful accident. And then there was Wright Lorimer in an extraordinary hodge-podge, called "The Shepherd King," at the Knickerbocker, with Mr. Lorimer in the dim middle distance, while May Buckley as a Bethlehem soubrette quite occupied the foreground. A young woman named Josephine Arthur undertook a special matinee at the Garrick; while at the Savoy "The Superstition of Sue" and at the Princess "An African Millionaire" gave more or less pain. Variety enough to soothe any but the critically bent.

A young writer with an aptitude for saying clever aphoristic things in a manner which recalls Emerson, Nietzsche and Benjamin Franklin has furnished us with the following analysis of dramatic criticism and critics. His name is Benjamin De Casseres, and he is not afraid to speak out his mind. He says:

"Dramatic criticism is of three kinds. There is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he sees; there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the publie what he knows; and there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what it shouldn't see or know. The first is impersonal; the second is egotistic; the third is atavistic. The first will tell you what D'Annunzio says; the second will tell you what he ought to have said; and the third will tell you what he shouldn't be allowed to say at all. The method of the first is inductive: the method of the second is deductive; the method of the third is asinine. The impersonal critic has brains; the personal critic has taste, and the eternally moral critic has billingsgate."

There is more of this, and the author grows savage in his remarks on the critic who, oblivious to the study of character, oblivious to the workmanship, oblivious to the chief idea of the dramatist, damns a play because it jolts some preconceived notion of what is or what is not moral. We remember that when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal produced "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," at the old Star nearly ten years ago-perhaps it is more-Pinero was savagely attacked for presenting such a type as Paula-as if we had or have any business with such matters. Our duty is to record the text, not to judge the morals of a play Bad plays are always immoral, and the re verse is also true. There is "Iris," poor, charming Iris, that sympathetic study of a weak woman. Behold the censors of morality! How we did pound that creature, how we held up to everlasting scorn the playwright. Suppose Shakespeare were ed of mixing moral values; suppose that his works were examined for the examples of character and incident in which the dramatist did not take sides, but merely wrote for the joy of creation! What would be the outcome? It is unnecessary to answer. All sound drama poses a problem of some kind, and a problem involves the conflict of an evil and a good principle. What the theologians call sin is but the obverse of the medal, the back of the human slate, as George Meredith has it. Yet we slash away at the unhappy author and his marionettes until one would fancy that the function of dramatic criticism is to expound the ten commandments in the columns of a newspaper.

A shrewd foreign born observer of matters critical in this country was at first amused and then dismayed at our persistent preaching. We assured him that it was merely the legacy left us by that band of religious fanatics who landed in New England several centuries ago and proceeded to torture Quakers, Indians, Jews and Roman Catholics for not agreeing with them in their grotesque and semi-insane faith. This leaven of bigotry, bred in the very bones of the criminal riffraff and small shopkeepers known as the pilgrim something or other, will have to work itself out before sunlight may be let in on our critical literature.

Only the other day we read an essay on D'Annunzio by an Eastern writer that might have been yelled by some pulpitthumping bigot of 200 years ago. That the themes of the Italian poet are not to every one's taste we admit. He has a penchant for the darker passions, but his treatment of his subjects is masterly in its art. Yet the male prude could only tee the missing fig leaf-and that is the mental condition of all such criticism. The morbidity lies in the critic's attitude toward frankly pagan art. We need not add that the entire Greek and Latin literatures, that Chaucer, Shakespeare, Rabelais and the Elizabethans are, or should be, realed books to such anæmic Puritans.

The Athenœum announces that Mr. Watts-Dunton has written a study of Hamlet. "in which he tries to show that Goethe's theory-formulated in Wilhelm Meister -that Hamlet is a man of feeble will, overweighted by too large an undertaking, will not bear critical analysis. He contends, on the contrary, that Shakespeare, in delineating the character, followed largely upon the lines of Saxo Grammaticus, who represents the Prince as a practical and ragacious man, baffied by conflicting evidences as to his father's murder. He further advances the theory that Hamlet and Macbeth are in character considerably akin, and that some of the speeches put into the mouth of the latter would have been more appropriately used by the

What a joy it is to feel that the secret of Hamlet never will out, that future generations will puzzle over his character with the same result-volumes of theories and not one new fact. The enigma will be pearer solution when the critic recognizes that Hamlet is so essentially human that his mystery will never be placked forth. When you explain the psychology of the policeman who patrols your block then you will understand Hamlet.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's views are interesting inasmuch as they lend credence to the interpretation of Forbes Robertson. Possibly the author of that profoundly tirene book "Aylwin" had Mr. Robertson in his eye when he wrote his essay. No matter what same or crazy theories are advanced about the meanings of Hamlet, they all contain a modicum of truth. Hamlet is so planetary souled that the entire keyboard of emotions, ideas and characters are inclusive within his personality.

No one rejoices more than do we at Mr Collier's belated success. His unfortunate selection, and also rejection, of plays earlier in the season make "The Dictator" seem really bigger than it is. But as it is un-pretentious, witty in the ironic American way, it serves its purpose. We had rather be Richard Harding Davis than an antique lamppost in classic Greece, for Mr. Davis is alive, and writing live topics about the town. Back to Lemprière's Dictionary for those who prefer the dusty triumph of embalmed immortality! We are glad to be alive in 1904. Life is long and art is fleeting. Let us be philistines, eat rare roast beef and tramp Park row like the inky sports of fate that we are. IIt won't endure, children, and then-the displeasures of memory! Dear, old Joseph Howardwho will always be a junior-said, and years ago, that newspaper men spend their money burying journalists. The distinction is delicate. And that is why I plump my vote for Mr. Davis this morning. No one ever accused him of being either a newspaper man or a journalist, and so we won't have to bury him. Some have tried to do this without waiting for the usual mortuary formalities, but in vain. Richard is Rex; and if you go to the Criterion you will smile more than once at "The

There is something of the naïve in the entire performance of "The Shepherd King" always omitting Miss Buckley's modern acting-that may appeal to a certain class of theatregoers, a naïve class itself. This comprises the order of intelligence that found solace in "Ben Hur," "The Christian" and monstrosities of the kind. An awful play is "The Shepherd King," framed exquisitely. Whether the scenery and costumes are correct John Wanamaker and God alone can tell. But they are effective, they impinge pleasantly upon the optic nerve, and they cause one o forget the league-long dialogue. Possibly an actor of the personal charm and unforced quality of Dustin Farnum might give to David the sustained interest it now acks. However, not a word against Mr. Lorimer! He is a pleasing young chap, of some ability and with a tremendous faculty of self-effacement. In reality the play should he called, "The Skittish Daugh-

It is a pity that the Yeats morality play was not produced under more favorable auspices. It was not an hour glass, but an unpleasant quarter of an hour for his

Arnold Daly and his manager, Winchell smith, should be congratulated for their pluckiness in going to law about the return of play manuscripts. If ever there is a fiend let loose to punish managers and actors for their sins, it is the person with the play. If you read and are unfortunate enough to write plays yourself depend upon it you will be hauled before court of justice to show cause why you dared to steal that interesting bit of business in Act III .- your hero spills a cup of tea on the blonde lap dog of the heroine! David Belasco has been through the mill [this is not a pun] several times. When he made an adaptation of the Castles' novel he was accused of appropriating a word or a phrase-or was it a cough? from an unknown play. Singular, the per-tinacity of egotism—as if there is anything new beneath the moon!

The London Era in its editorial columns recently revived a capital anecdote of Elliston the English actor. It is well worthy of transcription-and here it is:

a most picturesque and magnif ger of the Surrey was Elliston, who took lease of the premises after his bankruptcy in 1828. "Quite an opera pit," said he to Charles Lamb, as he was courteously conducting the essayist over the house. "the last retreat and recess of his every-day waning grandeur Elliston refitted the interior of the house and made considerable improvements in all departments. He turned "Macbeth" into a ballet d'action, in which he took a leading part, and he engaged Master Burke, a clever juvenile, at a salary of £600 per annum. It was at the Surrey Theatre that Weber's early musical production "Sylvana" was heard for the first time in England. While at the Surrey, Elliston was called upon by a gentleman who wanted an engagement. The inter view shows the eccentricity of the manager and the way in which such visitors treated in those days-a manner very different from the courteous reception they obtain from our modern theatrical managers. After istening for some time to the candidate's pretensions to the art of acting, and hearing a long list of managers with whom he had been triumphantly connected, Elliston stopped him, and in a grotesque manner said: at that place you played a kangaroo

"Ay, a kangaroo; and admirably you did

"Sir, believe me, I never acted a kangaroo I never could have acted a kangaroo."
"You do yourself injustice," continued Elliston, calmly; "your versatility is great and your parts have been numerous; but you cannot have forgotten the kangaroo? "Forgotten! Mr. Elliston—a kangaroo! Why, sir, do you say I ever acted a kangaroo? demanded the other, with a thoughtful air "I never was more pleased in my life. Norwich was the place; you have acted at Nor wich?"

"Yes, sir-many, many, many times. I remember, about the period of the Battle of Waterloo, we got up 'The Death of Capt.

'Av. I knew you had played a kangaroo. "But you are sure, sir, it was I-I who played the kangaroo?" "Striking things always make a lasting impression with me; and your kangaroo I

remember as though it were yesterday. Let's see," continued Elliston, jumping up, and making a grotesque twist of the body, "it was somewhat after this manner in which you did it-no, no-not quite so, either. I can't exactly make the movement, but it was--" "Hold! hold! Mr. Elliston," cried the other. springing to the middle of the room, and, throwing himself into a strange instantly attitude, balanced himself on one leg, "the kan garoo makes its advances in this manner."
"Ay, ay! I knew you had played the kangaroo," exclaimed Elliston; "and when I get up an Australian spectacle I'll send for you."

Good stories of Richard Mansfield have Good stories of Richard Mansfield have been scarce since he parted with his other manager—not the other, other, other one, but the one before last. So far Ben Stevens has told us nothing, though he will doubtless write a Life of Richard Mansfield and His Art before he leaves for the Eternal Ferry. All his managers have jotted in their note books brief and startling memoranda of a peculiarly personal nature.

Therefore a brand new anecdote is welcome—what would we do without our

come—what would we do without our Mansfieldian anecdote? It is related by that wicked wit, the Matiné Girl, in the Dramatic Mirror. (I suspect her of wearing a beard and standing six feet in her—in his—stockings.) Here is the tale:

The Matinee Girl was lunching at a Broadway cafe when a couple came in and were piloted by the sleek head waiter to a table in the corner. The reason was obvious. The table in the corner was the only unoccurred one.

But the man was a growler. You know But the man was a growler. You know him—the professional growler, the man bern to grow! He always has a meek wife. The watter drew out the chair commanding a view of the room for the wife. That which faced blank wall space he handed deprecatingly to the man, who roared:

What do you take me for? I leve humanity. I'm not Richard Mansfield."

James Huneker. WILL "PARSIFAL" BE A PLAY.

A MUSICLESS DRAMA? Wild and Weird Projects on Foot for Next Season — Guileless Theatrical

ONE-ACT CURTAIN RAISER, OR

-Richard Strauss a Swan in Boston. It has rarely happened that the activities of musical life in this metropolis have ceased with such celerity as they have in he present season. Few entertainments, of course, were to be expected in the last week of Lent, but usually in the ensuing week there is a revival of musical industry. This year, however, only two or three unimportant recitals came in the post-Easter week. There are to be some additional musical entertainments before the season closes entirely, and some of them are of

general public interest. The good Mr. Conried, always thinking of the pleasure of the public, has kindly consented to bring back the German contingent of his hard-working aggregation of warblers and to present once more the four dramas of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen." He will also offer another opportunity to an excited people to disburse their ducate liberally at the outer gateway of Monsalvat. "Parsifal" will be solemnized on the afternoon of April 23. and then the guileless fool will take his departure from Gotham till next season, when the world is to be shaken by the tread of a whole army of Parsifals.

Reports from other villages say that Götterdämmerung" has steadfastly refused to behave itself any better than it did here. This is a great pity, for the scenic attire of the drama as offered by Mr. Conried was much better than any we have ever had before. The destruction of the castle of the Gibichung family and the broiling of the Walhalla coterie have never before been exhibited in such a lifelike and convincing manner. That these things have not worked precisely as they should has been due chiefly to the incapacity of the stage hands. Possibly, when the final cycle is given here, Mr. Conried may succeed in inducing the men who do the rehearsing also to be present at the performance.

To-morrow night the People's Choral Union will give its annual concert at Carnegie Hall. The programme looks promising. We are to have Max Bruch's "The Cross of Fire," the finale of the third act of "Die Meistersinger," Henry Holden Huss's "Recessional," and Edgar Kelly's "Captain, My Captain."

Reisenauer, the virile pianist of the rotund physique and the blonde locks, is to give another recital on the 17th, and the Brooklyn Oratorio Society is to invade Carnegie Hall on the 29th and give the first performance here of Edward Elgar's "King Olaf."

All these are musical enterprises of pith and moment. There will be several others which may possibly be bark and seconds but that remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the air is filled with tremors about the projected dramatic performances of "Parsifal" next autumn. Furthermore, we are to have the musical work done in English. and already we hear of miniature versions on the road.

All this is amusing to those who do not take things too seriously. That brilliantly superficial and unnatural novelist, Oulda, says somewhere, "Life is a comedy to tho who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Therefore let us not feel too deeply the sacrilegious treatment of the sacred drama of Baireuth. But it is a pity that the thing should be butchered to make a few dis honest dollars for speculative theatrical managers.

Mr. Conried made a good many dollars out of his production, which on certain highly moral grounds was quite indefensi ble. But having wrested the Rheingold from its precious bed at Baircuth, he at least treated it fairly. His production of "Parsifal" was dignified and beautiful. Even Wagner himself could not have complained that the astute showman from Vienna had offered an unworthy presentation of the drama.

It is quite impossible to forecast the nature of Mr. Savage's enterprise. He has made heroic efforts to secure the services of Mme. Johanna Gadski, a sincere and hard-working soprano, who crossed the Rubicon between the German and English tongues when she appeared as Hester in Mr. Damrosch's opera, "The Scarlet Letter," some years ago at the Academy of Music. As English is wont to be sung on the operation stage, it will make not the slightest difference whether the soprano exhibits a strong accent or not. No one ever understands the singers of English on the operatic stage, and the libretto ("15 cents, cost you 25 on the inside") will be in requisition at Mr. Savage's performances just as it was at Mr. Conried's, where no one could read

it in the darkened auditorium. Some there be who can even now in their mind's eyes see Mr. Joseph Sheehan as Parsifal. There is one scene in the drama which this tenor can do to perfection, namely the long scene toward the clos of the first act, where Parsiful stands per feetly still and silent for forty minutes It is here that Mr. Sheehan will strike the

exact psychologic mood. Who are to be the other troubled per sonages of this English production we are not yet told. Winifred Goff as Amfortas is a possibility. Why doesn't Mr. Savage go and get Joseph Miron away from "Piff Paff. Pouf" and cast him for Gurnemana He would be great, physically, histrionically and vocally. Mr. Savage has not yet an nounced who is to conduct the drama. Let us live in the hope that it will not b Liesegang.

The projected dramatic performances of "Parsifal" are still pretty much in the air. One was prepared in the far West with the music rewritten for a theatrical orchestra of twenty men. Nothing definite is known as to the effect of that production. But as a play "Parsifal" is foredoomed to failure. The thing is almost destitute of dramatic action, while it consists of yards and yards of talk. Again, much of that talk is taken up with explanations of things which do not occur in the drama. In the first act Gurnemans spends little short of an hour in telling about the fall of Amfortas. Enter Parsifal, having killed a swan. Again Gurnemans proceeds to explain that you mustn't kill swans in Monsalvat. Even so small a character as the first knight has to explain to Amfortas where Gawain has gone, and then you never hear of Gawais again, and he is not a character in the drams

anyway. In Act II. Kundry explains to Pareifa how his mother died, and then she explains to him some more, as to how she came to be accursed and how she treated the Saviour. In the third act Gurnemans returns to the talk contest and explains at great length what has happened during Pareifal's absence. There is a strong question all the time in the mind of the auditor as to whether he would not rather have seen a dramatic representation of these described actions than that which he is asked by the author to observe.

down, but it could not be entirely obliter-ated without so changing the outward appearance of the drama that it would not be recognized as a version of Wagner's "Parsifal." Furthermore, the great scene of the first act demands the music. How

could the transformation be accomplished without Wagner's picturesque orchestral accompaniment? What must that be if Managers and the Guileless Fool reduced to the capacity of a small theatre orchestra?

How would it be possible to reproduce the atmospheric effect of the unveiling scene without the choruses of the knights and the boys? These and the pictorial spectacle are all that the scene has to make influential with an audience. Consider for a moment the way this scene would be 'faked" in a theatrical production and the pitiably weal: and silly effect which would result therefrom.

One proposition has been to make a one act play out of the music drama. "Parsifal" as a curtain raiser! Shades of Richard Wagner and shrieks of Cosima! What is to be done with people who cherish such astounding ideas? There is an artistic perdition to which they must be consigned that highly commendable place in which Gilbert tells us the punishment shall fit the crime. There will be soubrette flower maidens there and a Kundry who will be like Tennyson's Maud, the "Queen of the rosebud garden of girls." she will not tempt the one-act "Parsifal." She will "flee as a bird to you mountain' while Parsiful writhes in agony upon the ground and confesses that this is indeed perdition.

All the projects with "Parsifal" as their object will probably come to grief next season. Here are the reasons: In New York the hysterical stage of Parsifalitis will be past and Mr. Conried's presentations, recognized by the public as the only authentic ones, will get all the audiences. There will be no such absurd excitement as there has been in the season now approaching its termination. Things will come down to a rational basis and the genuine musical public will gradually assert itself and put Parsifal" where it belongs.

Outside of this city the amusement lovers are highly organized as to their nerves and exceeding distrustful of the travelling theatrical enterprise. They do not readily rise to the artificial worm. They will have the real "Parsifal" or none. This would be a good thing for theatrical managers to bear in mind, but every one outside of the theatrical business knows that it takes a show manager longer than any other kind of a business man to learn from experience. Doubtless some managers will send out 'Parsifal" companies. In very small towns, the land of one-night stands, the trick may work. In those cities whose newspaper men are wont to keep one eye on the columns of the press of this city the trick will fail.

All good men and true will rejoice over the success of Richard Strauss in Boston. These wo epitomes of rarified atmosphere have only to come together in order to discover a mutual affinity. Furthermore, Mr. Strauss made his début in America in the city of New York and was not successful. Every one knows what happens when an artist has made an unsuccessful début in New York and then goes to Boston. The Hub invariably proceeds to show this benighted village how little it really knows about art. Who recalls the interesting words of Hector Berlioz?

"The musical world is greatly disturbed at present; the whole philosophy of art seems to have been turned topsy-turvy. It was generally believed, hardly a few days ago that the beautiful in music, like the mediocre like the ugly, was absolute; that is to say that a piece of music that was beautiful mediocre or ugly, for people of taste, connoissours, was equally beautiful, mediocre or ugly, for everybody, and consequently for people without taste or knowledge.

Berlioz, ruminating upon new demonstrations of taste in his time, concludes that he can no longer put more belief in the abso lutely beautiful than he can in the horn of the unicorn. This, of course, is a foolish notion. What is beautiful in Boston is also beautiful in New York. When Alvarez the sturdy tenor of the Paris Grand Opera. sang out of tune in Boston and afterward in New Yrek, there was no dispute as to the fact. The difference was in the lamblike ignorance of Gotham, which could not see that it made no difference whether a man of

temperament sang out of tune or not. It is just the same with regard to the eminent Dr. Strauss. His music sounds precisely the same in Boston as it does in New York, but here it was subjected to the judgment of a lot of silly persons who had formulated their ideas in the same manner as Berlioz, and who foolishly supposed that beauty, mediocrity or ugliness was absolute. Dr. Strauss went over to Boston, a city populated chiefly by "people of taste, connoisseurs," and they found his music beautiful. Why was it not equally beautiful for those "people without taste or knowledge" who swell the census in this city?

Or, is it true that it does not make any difference whether a man of genius writes beautiful music or not?

"By St. Paul the work goes bravely on." The educational movement in music shows progress. Frank Damrosch, the chief educator, has done yeoman's work this season with his concerts of historical intent for young persons. His entertainments have been attended by large audiences and the historically arranged programmes, preceded by lectures on the periods illustrated, have not frightened any one away.

The same conductor has continued his

excellent and fruitful labors in the field

of vocal sight reading, and has built up a large body of capable choristers. Down at Cooper Institute Franz Arens has been maintaining the success of the People's Symphony concerts and has been enabled to invade the upper part of the city. Chamber music concerts have supplemented the orchestral entertainments and Mr. Arens's admirable oral comments on his programmes have continued to be of the highest utility in spreading an understanding of the artistic structure of good music. Some day some philanthropic millionaire will build a good music hall in this town and then all these enterprises, which are doing more for sound and lasting culture in the tone art than either the opera or the Philharmonic Society, will be provided with a suitable dwelling place. The defects of both Cooper Union Hall and Carnegie Ha: are familiar and painful to ail W. J. HENDERSON.

The Too Convivial Oyster.

music lovers.

From the Louisville Herald. "Have you ever heard of the eccentric and waggish peculiarities of the oyster?" said A. S. Dreifus of Pensacola, Fla. "I guess not; you're too far north. I have known not; you're too far north. I have known oysters when they got into the mood to clasp about a rat's tail at night, and they hold as tight as any rat trap ever invented.

"I am told that upon a certain occasion, when a flask of whiskey was broken, a large Blue Pointer was found lying in a little pool of liquor, just drunk enough to be careless of consequences, opening and shutting its shell with a devil-may-care air as if he didn't value anybody a little bit, but was going to be as noisy as he possibly could.

"A drunken man is a sad enough object to behold, but an oyster drunk constitutes the 'sublime of inebriation."

of course in a play all this would be boiled | SPRINGTIME THEATRE BILLS.

AN IBSEN PLAY AND A NEW DRAMA TO BE TRIED THIS WEEK.

Wilton Lackage to Appear in "The Pillars of Society"-Fry's "Love's Pilgrimage" to Be Tested-Easter's Output Doing Well-The Vaudeville Programmes.

Easter produced so large a crop of new plays that the output of novelties in theatrical enterprises will not be so bountiful this week. Only two productions at matinées are on the bills for the week. "Love's Pilgrimage," a new play by Horace B. Fry, who wrote Mrs. Fiske's successful little one-act drama "Little Italy," will be tried at a matinée at Wallack's on Thursday. It will be noteworthy because it will have Miss Carlotta Nillson-whose theatre friends are many-in the principal part. The play's scene is laid in a penal settlement in Tasmania and in this country There is a secret marriage and a misunderstanding in it, which all comes out right in the end, as stage misunderstandings usually do. It is announced that the play is "logically based" on the stirring life of the Irish poet and patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly.

Wilton Lackaye's first appearance in an Ibsen play will be made on Friday afternoon at the Lyric in "The Pillars of Society." The rest of the cast will be made up of memhers of "The Pit" company. The story of the play is that of one Karsten Bernick, a "pillar of society," who, to maintain the respectability of his father's famous shipbuilding firm, has averted a disgraceful exposure by allowing another man to bear the discredit, not only of a love affair in which he has been the sinner, but of a theft which was never committed at all but was merely alleged as an excuse for the firm being out of funds at a critical period. In a way the matinée will be a charity performance. The receipts will be turned over to the Professional Women's League. Mr. Lackaye's engagement in "The Pit" will close here on Saturday night.

Whether theatres are dull or busy, there is always the circus. The fourth week of the Barnum & Bailey show at Madison Square Garden begins to-morrow with several changes in the programme. In the Durbar spectacle there will be a Burmese oxcart, drawn by zebus, or sacred cattle. In the burlesque bullfight, instead of one "bull," there will half a dozen impersonated by dogs and a trained donkey by the name of Tommy Tittlemouse. A new riding act, in which twelve principal riders appear simultaneously-four in each ring-will be seen for the first time. Fred Derrick, the champion English bareback rider, will also in troduce an entirely new equestrian act The Fortunatos and Guidos will offer several acrobatic novelties, and Nettie Carroll will introduce a new flying ring perform ance. The Clarkonians will resume their twisting somersaults in midair. There is no diminution of interest in Volo and Ancilotti, whose feats of "cycling the serial arch" and "looping the gap" have been the sensations of the circus this season.

"The Other Girl" begins its last three weeks at the Empire to-morrow. On May 2 Julia Marlowe will begin a supplementary season there. "The Other Girl" has been a winner all through the theatrical season for its actors as well as its author, Augustus

It is the general opinion that William Collier has one of the funniest plays of his career in "The Diotator," which Richard Harding Davis wrote and in which Charles Frohman presented the young American comedian at the Criterion last Monday evening. It draws a crowded house every night and is likely to do so for many weeks. Besides Mr. Collier, two other young actors have good opportunities in the farce, of which they make the most. E. S. Abeles is amusing as the valet and Jack Barrymore impersonates with special clevern wireless telegraph operator with a thirst.

How great is the glamour of the old days s seen in the reception of the all-star revival of "The Two Orphans" at the New Amster-dam. It begins its third week to-morrow with an extraordinarily large advance sale

At the Herald Square Theatre "The Girl From Kay's" is in her seventh joyous month. She is an exceedingly popular girl and will glide along merrily into the summer months with the same large train of funscekers in her wake that is now found there. Sam Bernard singing "Sufficiency" is inimitable and Hattle Williams's songs are being generally taken up by amateur

Charles Hawtrey expects to be back in the cast of "Saucy Sally" at the New Lyceum by to-morrow. The first-night audience liked this farce immensely and other audiences have liked it just as much since. Mr. Hawtrey as Herbert Jocelyn, reeling off the lies with which he deceives his young wife and suspicious mother-in-law, is delicious, and makes "Saucy Sally" fully as well worth seeing as were "The Message From Mars" and "The Man From

A burning question on upper Broadway is, who will be the New York girl in "The Prince of Pilsen" on its tour abroad. The contestants are to meet at the theatre to-morrow afternoon and a committee will select eight types. Then there will be a luncheon at Sherry's and thus strengthened the committee will pronounce judgment. The piece is doing as well as ever at Daiy's.

Ethel Barrymore will give seven more performances of "Cousin Kate" at the New Hudson Theatre and then she and her company will sail for Europe. On Saturday night she is to have her farewell Saturday night she is to have her farewell performance. Meanwhile, for any New York theatregoers who have not yet seen her performance of "Cousin Kate," the time is short. After Miss Barrymore, Charles Frohman will present Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in a special production of "Camille".

Henrietta Crosman and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will soon reach their 200th performance at the Belasco, and no end is in sight for the run of this sparkling Belasco play. As hith Miss Crosman is doing effective and artistic work, and the play itself is equal to other Belasco successes.

"The Virginian" begins its fifteenth week at the Manhattan to-morrow. The audiences there find it amusing and moving by turn, and the players keep it well keyed

It is almost like "Florodora" and "Chines Honeymoon" times at the Casino on these fine spring evenings. Eddle Foy, as the star, is adding another triumph to many previous ones. His song, "I'm the Ghost That Never Walked," is genvinely funny. The English pony ballet is a good drawing card, and Miss Alice Fischer, Miss Amelia Stone, Miss Grace Cameron and Joseph C. Miron are also important members of Mr. Whitney's cast.

Nothing but praise is heard of the acting of H. Reeves Smith in "An African Millionaire," in which he is being starred by F. C. Whitney at the Princess. The play now runs much more smoothly than on the first night, and play and star and competen company are universally commended.

Eleanor Robson has entered upon her engagement in "Merely Mary Ann" at the Garrick Theatre with every promise of making it as successful in every way as it was at the Garden and Criterion.

"The County Chairman" makes its 175th

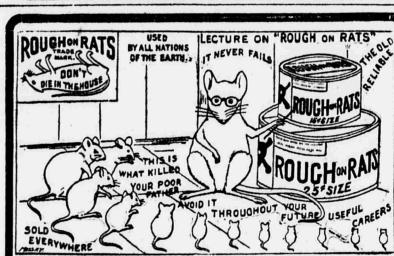


DESCRIPTION OF ABOVE. The supper was laid on the table trim
When the comes, roaring, my young son, Jim,
"Oh! daddy, the rate A dragen or two,
Are grobbling the supper, and baby too."
My wife, with a soream, neited from and broom,
I citatched a bottle, and made for the room.
Never was heard such a builbable o!
If wole up the cat, and the terrier, too,
The terrier thought we were hunting the cat,
Got a grip of her tail as she went for the rat. Swore I was drunk—nearly murdered my wife, and of my poor infant endangered the life. Broke tables, chairs, and the crockery ware; When the Justice said. Whata swage old bear. Not heading a word my poor wife did ewear. Imprisoned and fined I cured my said fate when lattly I learned, but rather too late, Instead of desending on traps, dogs or cats, My only protection was "ROUGH ON RATS."

SONG AND CHORUS ROUGH ON RATS. (May be sung to tune of "Little Brown Jug.") Squalling children, scolding wife, Were not the pest of my poor life; Where'er I lived, in bouse or flats, My plague has been those horrid Rats. They ate our meat, our bread and shoes, We could not have a quiet snooze. One day my wife did chance to does, They pinued my baby by the uose. HOBUS. R-rata! Rats! Rough on Rats!
Hang your dogs and drown your cats;
We give a plan for every man
To clear his house with Rough on Rats. To clear his noise with Acoch on RATS, I got a cat, I set a trap, Aud thought to have a quiet nap, But accree in hed we sough were laid, When round the room the villains played My wife jumped out upon the foor. To strike a light, but soon did roar, As well she might, for you must know. The steel-trap had her by the toe.—Chogus. The steel-trap had her by the toe.—Chomus.
But Kats were not the only pest,
To spoil our food and spoil our rest,
Fresh trouble did cach day arise—
blics. Roaches, Bugs., Rocquitee, Files,
But now 'I've roi' to tilp at insign.
But now 'I've roi' to tilp at insign.
And soundly sleep, and est quite fast,
For we have banished all the craw,
And you shall learn the secret too.—Chorus.

Ra's are smart, but Rough on Rats beats them. It fools the Rats but never fools nor disappoints the buyer; never fails, always does the work and does it right.

Established and safely used 80 years. The standard Rat, Mouse. Cockroach and Bed Bug Exterminator of the world. The most extensively advertised and the largest sale of any Exterminator on earth. Gives universal satisfaction everywhere. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.



LECTURE ON ROUGH ON RATS. Rats are smart, but Rough on Rats beats them. It fools the Rats but never fools no disappoints the buyer; never fails, always does the work and does it right.

Established and safely used 80 years. The standard Rat, Mouse, Cockroach and Bed Bug Exterminator of the world. The most extensively advertised and the largest sale of any Exterminator on earth. Gives universal satisfaction everywhere.

MUCH FOR LITTLE HEREIN LIES ONE OF THE SECRETS OF THE SUCCESS AND GREAT POPULARITY OF ROUGH ON RATS

95 parts out of every 100 of Rough on Rats are undiluted exterminator. When you buy it, you know what you get. Do you know, when you buy ready prepared for use preparations, that are said to be not dangerous to handle? Flour and grease are not dangerous to handle. When you pay 16d to Sc for I or 2 ozs. of exterminator, don't you want it all exterminator? One 18c box of Rough on Rats contains exterminator senough to kill at least five hundred Rats. Imagins how many cockreaches, ants and bedbugs it would kill. If you do your own mixing, the contents of one 16c box of Rough on Rats will make from 100 to 500 little cakes of globules. When you buy Rat exterminator see that it's all exterminator and buy your flour and grease separately at 6c a pound; Rough on Rat is unbeatable as the quickest, most effective and thorough Rough. Ant, Bed Bug, Rat and Mouse exterminator. Don't experiment, don't take a substitute. Hold on to that which is good— Bough on Rats, the old reliable, that never fails. Always does the work, and does it right; never fools nor disappoints the buyer. Sold everywhere—all around the world, in 15 and 86c boxes. Hotel and steamship size, \$1.00.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

appearance at Wallack's to-morrow, and [which the late Sol Smith Russell starred so nobody can tell to what further number his performances may run.

At the Broadway "The Yankee Con sul," another popular entertainer, is making equally large audiences happy nightly. He also will remain at his present post for a long time to come.

James K. Hackett greatly improved The Secret of Polichinelle" during his stay in town and it is running along more merrily than ever. It will have its cen-

William H. Crane and "David Harum have entered upon a new season of pros-perity at the Academy of Music. In this production Mr. Crane has a strong supporting company.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon begin week's engagement at the American Theatre to-morrow in William Gillette's dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes." It will be their farewell appearance here in his popular play.

Victor Herbert is writing a new song for May De Sousa to sing in the "Wizard of Oz." The Wizard is duplicating his first

"The Smart Set" is staying for another week at the Fourteenth Street Theatre and fills the house at every performance.

Clara Bloodgood, in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," will be the week's attraction at the Grand Opera House. The Savoy Theatre company still supports Mrs. Blood good. This engagement marks her last appearance in New York as the jealout

"The Superstition of Sue" and "The Blue Grass Handicap" have been so thoroughly abused that a great many people want to ee how bad they are.

"Candida" has only two weeks more to run at the Vaudeville. It will go on to Boston with a record of 132 performances here.

The short stay of Herr Conried's two stars, Ferdinand Bonn and Rudolph Chris tians, compels the announcement of the last week of "Zapfenstreich" ("Tattoo"), which has been played to packed houses at the Irving Place Theat re since its first performance three weeks ago. It will be given at each performance this week, including the Saturday matinée.

Frank Bush, who for years has been known s chief of the Hebrew story tellers, will head an interesting bill at Proctor's Twentythird Street Theatre this week. Mr. Bush will have a new assortment of Ghetto stories to relate. He has not appeared frequently n New York of late, so he should be found doubly interesting. The Tannehill Comedy Company appears in Frank Tannehill's clever little farce, "Making an Actress." The cast includes William Beach, Grace Hopkins and Verner Clarges. The Lutz Brothers show remarkable skill with a rifle, although one is without arms. George C. Austin presents a wire-walking specialty with a comedy prologue, and Smith and Bowman sing and talk.

"Sky Farm," by Edward Kidder, a pretty play of New England life which had a great success not long ago, is to be put on at Proc-Company appears in Frank Tannehill

success not long ago, is to be put on at Proc-tor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre.

"Hush-a-bye, Baby," a farce by Frank Tannehill, is at Proctor's 125th Street, with a good vaudeville bill to back it up.

At the Fifth Avenue "April Weather," in

successfully, is being played for the week. Each of the Proctor theatres will have a Sunday concert.

There will be Sunday concerts also at the Murray Hill, the Grand Opera House, the Circle, Hammerstein's Victoria, the American, the West End, the Harlem Opera House, Hurtig & Seamon's, the Dewey, the Gotham, the Metropolis, the New Star, the Eden Musée and Huber's Museum.

Fanny Rice will return to the scene of her first triumphs in vaudeville at Keith's this week. She will present her novelty, "Talking Dolls." Gillett's musical dogs will amuse the children. Callahan and Mack, in "The Old Neighborhood," will amuse grown folks; George, W. Day is on the bill with a budget of new stories; so are the Four Boises, Cal Stewart, the Yankee story teller; the Bernards and Latine, "a wonder of physical culture."

Tony Pastor has a good company this week. In it are Holcombe, Curtis and Webb, presenting "A Winter Session":
Armstrong and Holly in "The Expressman."
Ford and Dot West, La Vine and Cross.
equilibrists: Marsh and Sartella. Max
Winslow, the singing comedian, and many

Hammerstein's Victoria has on its bil the Russell Brothers. Cole and Johnson Musical Dale, Canfield and Carleton, John and Harry Dillon, Wormwood's dog and monkey circus, the Toozoomie troupe of tumblers, the Eight English Girls and Young and De Voe.

Henry Lee, in his characterizations of "Great Men Past and Present," is to head the programme at the Circle Theatre. In it are also Elfie Fay, "the Belle of Avenue A;" Charles B. Sweet, Eva Williams and Jac Tucker, Milly Capell and her trained horse, the Vedmars and others.

At Hurtig & Seamon's the Four Madeaps will be seen in eccentric dances, Aurie Dagwell will sing patriotic songs, and Clayton White and Marie Stuart and company are to appear in their well known laughing hit. These are only a few in a well filled bill.

Augustus Thomas's favorite play, "Arizona," begins an engagement at the West End Theatre to-morrow. The original scenic production is given intact.

At the Murray Hill the Donnelly players will be seen in J. I. C. Clarke and Charles Klein's romantic drama, "Heartsease," as produced by Henry Miller. William Bram-well and Edna Phillips will have the leading

The Virginia Earl Comic Opera Company has taken "Sergeant Kitty" to the Harlem Opera House. A new barytone, William G. Stewart, has replaced Albert Parr in

Patrice and her players are to give "Driven From Home" at the New Star. It has a handsome hero, a stern father and Patrice as the farmer's daughter.

Denman Thompson's "The Two Sisters" is the week's play at the Third Avenue. The Metropolis has "'Way Down East."

recently at the Academy of Music, for the week. To-morrow night's will be its 800th performance in New York. Katool, the woman who enters a den of

hyenas and bears; Jimmy Britt, the boxing